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## **Torkom.**

### ***The Story of a Struggle Against Odds.***

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### REVENGE.

A column of about two hundred Turkish soldiers toiled slowly up the long dusty road that lay between the lake and the large village of Tashlikeny.<sup>1</sup> The road was lined with mulberry groves, but the large green leaves drooped under the hot sun's rays. It was a beautiful spot, where a century before a colony of Armenians had settled. Numerous small villages of Mohammedans and a few of Greeks lay in the hills around. But here the Armenians held undisputed sway, except for the Turkish governor and a handful of police, who lived somewhat in awe of the independent villagers. To such an extent had the dwellers in Tashlikeny gained in self-confidence that they had begun to build their farm-houses, not in the village, but in their fields in the surrounding countryside. But this spring those whose houses were at a distance had hesitated about living so far from their fellows. The air was freighted with a scent of danger. Already some men who had gone out to their fields in the mornings had not returned at night-fall. Once a badly mutilated body had been recovered; once only a ghastly remnant, the top of the head, which was carried to the grave exposed in a little square box and followed by a mob hurling defiance at Fate. But generally mothers and wives and children looked in vain for the return of their loved ones.

So on this Sunday morning all the villagers were in town. The early service in the Armenian national church was over and the little body of Evangelicals had not yet gathered. All the men were out and the cafés were filled. A few had been drinking and there was considerable quarreling and an occasional pistol shot. But the coming of the soldiers brought with it quiet—the quietude of fear. The younger hot-bloods<sup>2</sup> had urged driving the soldiers away, but the counsels of the aged and experienced prevailed. "What could we do against two hundred armed soldiers, our shot-guns against their rifles and bayonets? Even if we could drive them away the next day a thousand would be sent. And

<sup>1</sup>Tash—stone; keny—village.

<sup>2</sup>A literal translation of the Turkish "deti-kanli," youth.

they would not only attack those who opposed them but would take revenge on us all, men, women and children, and burn our houses and take our goods. Let us rather keep quiet. They will seek to pick quarrels, but we must suffer in silence every indignity. Perhaps they may leave us in peace. We may lose some of our goods, but we will at least save our heads."

But still the hot-headed youth harbored sweet dreams. A bold stroke for freedom! They were waiting the signal. Already hundreds of their exiled countrymen from France and Russia had gathered at the border and were ready to enter and help their nation free herself from the thralldom of half a thousand years. They but waited the signal. Little did they know that these reports had been circulated by the very men from whom they now strived to conceal them. Nor did they know that already many a small band of insurgents had been persuaded to strike, thinking that all their fellows were on that day also battling for freedom or for death, and had died the death of heroes, brave men to be so sadly duped. So they waited, expectant, impatient, hearing in imagination the booming cannon from the British battleships which they fondly thought were coming to their aid. They chafed under the delay caused by interminable quarrels between the leaders of the various revolutionary parties, recking not that even here the crafty Turk was working on a national weakness to make them his playthings.

It was the morning on which the Missionary left on his errand of mercy that the soldiers came. As the head of the column came opposite the Missionary's house, the first house at the entrance to the village, a murmur of anger passed along the ranks, for there at half-mast hung a British flag, home-made, completed late the night before by the good mother and hung in triumph by her two boys, who welcomed this opportunity of exhibiting their flag and expressing their feelings, for they knew their father's errand. The leader of the soldiers, a youz-bashi (centurion), with the bullying arrogance of an inferior who finds himself in power, cursed the flag and the queen whose flag it was. And then, when they had passed, the mother noticed the flag and took it in, little dreaming that it had caused mischief already and would become the cause of international dispute.

And so the sad time dragged wearily on. Men were afraid almost to breathe. Their blood boiled under the indignities they suffered at the hands of the soldiers. They saw their goods taken from under their very noses and dared not ask for the price; for the uniform of the thief was backed by the authority of the government. Gradually news crept in of a massacre here and another there. The very silence of the newspapers was ominous. Everybody knew that the censor would not allow the truth to appear. Would England help? No, we must turn to America. And she is too far away. And, meanwhile, Christian Europe looks on in silence, believing or professing to believe the "official" reports of the Turkish government. Viewing each other's every move with jealousy the "Great Powers" quarrel. A joint note demanding reform must be presented by their respective embassies at Constantinople to the Sultan,—but now one and then another refuses to put his name, for he has received a cipher message from his government. And so the farce goes on,

and also the massacres. The wily Turk has duped the statesmen of Christian Europe as completely as he has the poor Armenians. The ambassadors send reports. They are urged to demand immediate reform from the Sultan. They are almost agreed and he is scared. He makes promises. He signs documents. Ink is cheap. The ambassadors are told to wait and give him time to carry out his reforms. Glowing reports come in. Letters signed by Armenian villagers at the bayonet's point deny the stories of rapine and murder. Some of these poor men are killed after they have put their names to a lying paper; others live on. Europe is satisfied. And one day thousands of Armenians are massacred in Constantinople and the ambassadors are powerless. Some throw open their doors to refugees. Others do not, for they must not interfere in the internal affairs of a sovereign state! And then the most Christian Emperor of a most Christian state visits the Sultan, hob-nobs with him, is shown much courtesy, is driven about in state, is piloted all over the country where agents of the government have cleared away the wreckage, is cheered by crowds of peasants who must cheer or go to prison, is charmed, and as he leaves Turkey kisses his brother. Meanwhile the country waits, groaning, reeking in blood, praying in their hearts for revenge but with their lips praying for the life of their "most beneficent Padishah"—who has freed so many of them from the bondage of this life.

One evening, dark outside so that not a thing can be seen, a knock is heard at the door of the Missionary's house. As the door opens a tall figure steps in silently, beckons for quiet, and mounts the stairs to the sitting room. He enters without knocking, glances about furtively, sets down a rifle, takes off a mask and a muffler which completely hide his face, and holds out his hand.

"Why, Torkom, when did you come here?"

"Hush! Walls have ears, they say in Turkey," he answers with a nervous laugh.

"I think you are safe just now. What brought you here?"

"Bodvelli, you know what brought me here. I am waiting; the time is not yet. Some day I will go and come back with her whom they took from me. But now, do you know that at this moment three hundred young men are in arms parading the streets and hidden in the mulberry groves at every entrance into the village, and also," and now Torkom chuckles at the thought, "some of them are watching by the camp up there, and if the soldiers move at night they'll find a warm reception. They say they are here to guard Tashlikeny against the Turkish villages around, as if we were afraid of them. Bah! The Turks around are scared out of their wits. Do you know, the mudir (governor) is so afraid of us that he has arranged a signal with the Turks. They say it is he who has asked that the soldiers be sent. He hopes to have a massacre and then get a medal. But we are patient. God, what we suffer! We are humble. We let them step on our necks. You see, we must not give them any cause for quarrel. But we are not as great fools as we seem. Where are we in the daytime? No one knows, but we're watching them all the same. And at night when they're asleep we are awake. You heard of the man who was lost the other day. We found his body on the hills over there. And we killed two

Turks in his place. Poor men, one was an old man. Perhaps they were innocent, but some one must suffer. I shot one of them myself, and at a good distance. We are getting practice, you see. Good night. Pray for us." And he stepped out again into the night and was lost.

A few nights later ten young men, armed to the teeth, with their faces masked, started across the hills behind Tashlikeny in the direction of Kara Hissar. The night was dark, but the leader of the party marched on without any hesitation as if he knew the path. All night they marched, stumbling in the dark over roots and stones, slapped in the face by branches as they scrambled through thickets of scrub oak and rhododendron. By day they rested in hiding, avoiding the tents of mountain tribes. One day they camped by the side of a path that led from Kara Hissar to the largest Turkish village in the neighborhood. They were completely concealed from any who should pass. And there they waited, sending two of their party every day to find meat, the rest watching.

About a week later a young Turkish lad, newly freed from the ropes that had bound him, ran towards the village where his home was. And there to anxious friends he told his tale. "I was going to Kara-Hissar with my father. We were driving our donkey before us. Suddenly four men, armed and masked, challenged us. They bound our arms and legs after a fierce struggle. Our donkey they kept and ate the vegetables that we were taking to market. We found four other men from our village, all similarly bound. Then yesterday they brought in Hassan Agha and would have slain him before our eyes, for they seem to bear some special grudge against him, but the leader interfered. To-day they sent me to say that I must go alone with the five Armenian women who are in our homes to the tree beyond that hill, and there they will release my father and Hassan Agha and all the rest. But if I do not come by the time the sun in setting touches yonder peak they will slay their hostages."

An angry tumult arose upon this story. "The robbers, the accursed thieves, how many are there of them? How dare they lay hands upon those noble men! Who are they? Where are they hiding? They must be those giaour dogs. I told you no good would come of them and that we should have slain every one of them when we had the chance. Perhaps even yet we may have another day of reckoning. Allah and our good Padishah grant it! But now we must go to work. We shall indeed take to them all the Armenian girls who have graced our harems. Bring them here, the five of them. We shall give those men a present they dream not of."

As the sun began to descend over the hilltops Torkom could no longer conceal his anxiety. What if the lad should fail in his errand! Would the Turks believe his story? And if they did would they consent to give up their slaves? Perhaps they would attempt some ruse, come out in force to surround him and his company and then force them to give up their prisoners. No, he had guarded too well against that. From his point of vantage he could see all the ground that lay between the village and the trysting spot right beneath the knoll on which he and his faithful friends were concealed. They could not surround him. And what if they did? He could at least die fighting, and first he

would slay his arch enemy, the man who had carried off his betrothed, but who was now at his mercy. Ah, revenge is sweet! How he longed even now to hack that body to pieces, and send the head as a challenge to the village. But no—the word of a Christian is sacred. He had said and he must do it. If they brought him his betrothed for whom he had waited and planned and dreamed for eight long months, then he would release his enemy, but he would not forgive him. God give Hassan Agha into his hands again, and then he will give no quarter.

Ah, here they come. What? Ten of them? Ten women, in Turkish garb, of course. Their faces are covered. Which one is his betrothed? He cannot see her face. Will she be changed? Very much, no doubt. Once she was young and pretty and plump, but now—God only knows. But why are there ten of them? There is only one boy with them, the young lad whom they had released that day. Should he not go down and be the first to meet his betrothed, to lift the veil from her face and tell her she is now among friends? No, he would see her in good time. Now he must stay where he can order his men in case of an emergency. He must be safe from danger in case the Turks should really turn out to be playing a trick, for if he were shot their expedition would be doomed, and his betrothed would not be released, and his enemy would escape. But why are there ten women? The young lad is unarmed, that at least is well.

Slowly the group of ten women, dressed in long black robes, with their faces veiled and their heads sunk forward on their breasts, clambered up the steep narrow path that led to the trysting tree. The young lad behind urged them on with long curses. By the tree stood one of the Armenians, the mask still upon his face, a gun over his shoulder, but a revolver in his hand. As they drew near the Turkish lad bade the women stop, and then he approached the Armenian.

"Where are the prisoners you hold? Here I have come as you told me, and with me have come not five but ten Armenian women who were in our village. Only let my father free and the others also, I beseech you, for these ten women are in your hands."

"Back, you cur," was the answer, as a revolver was raised to the boy's head. "It is not for you to make the terms. When these women have safely reached the camp your friends will be set free."

"What surety have I that you speak the truth?" urged the lad.

"The word of a Christian, you Moslem dog," answered the other, "and if that is not enough, it is all you'll get." And again the revolver threatened and the lad sprang back.

"At least tell me how far away the camp is, that I may know how long I must wait. For I dare not go back alone, or else they will kill me. If you do not keep your word I must hide myself, I will be lost. Let my friends come soon."

"They'll come as soon as they can. The camp is on that peak where you see two trees against the sky. It's less than half an hour from here. You may be



sure we won't wait long. We are ready to move as soon as I get back to camp with these women, and to-morrow we'll be far away."

"How many are there of you? I suppose you must be a hundred, for it would take that many *giaours* to capture a brave man like Hassan Agha. Ah! you Christians are cowards."

"It took only two men to capture and bind Hassan Agha," replied the other, nettled by the remarks of the lad. "The rest of us stood by and laughed. Let the women come along, but do you stay there by that tree and raise your arms, like that. And if you lower them once, my friend over there will shoot." And as he spoke he pointed to a man arrayed like himself who stepped out of the bushes ten yards beyond.

Again the women started on. They were strangely quiet and they did not seem to be overjoyed at their release. Perhaps they did not know into whose hands they had fallen. He would tell them. And so their new guide spoke.

"Women, why don't you speak? We are Armenians; you are among friends again. Lower your veils, for you are free from Moslem rules. Let us see your faces for we have suffered much to set you free. What, no answer? Are you dumb? Are you possessed by a devil? Who of you is Torkom's betrothed? He is waiting for you. No answer still. Then I'll find out for myself." And so saying he stepped up to the last woman in the row and attempted to remove her veil. She held out her arm to urge him off, but curiosity overpowered all other feelings in him. He seized her arm roughly, then dropped it in amazement. It was the sturdy arm of a man. Seizing the robe he dragged it off and there stood revealed a man, fully armed, carrying in one hand a dagger and in the other, by its long hair, the head of a woman. Taken so completely by surprise the Armenian guard was not prepared for the dagger thrust that the other gave, and he fell to bleed to death. At once a sharp report came from the knoll above the path, and the Turk fell also. The others, seeing that their ruse had been discovered, cast off their disguise and came upon the other guard who was hastening up the path. But at the very moment that they fired a gun at him a dozen reports were heard from the knoll and four more Turks fell. The others jumped into the bushes on the other side of the path, but seven of the eight surviving Armenians rushed from their concealment upon the Turks and fought with them fiercely hand to hand. And as they fought the Turks cast in their midst four more heads, the heads of their Armenian slaves.

Having the advantage of numbers and preparedness the Armenians quickly beat down their enemy, leaving a third companion dead. And now as his companions dragged the dead bodies deeper into the underbrush Torkom carefully examined the five faces which he had hoped so long to look upon. He raised by its long black hair the head of his betrothed. He gazed in silence upon the staring eyes and the lips forever still, and then upon the blood that still dropped from the severed neck. Then he bade his men give these five heads Christian burial. But he himself climbed back to the spot where lay his prisoners bound. He drew out his short sword and with a madman's grin upon his face, cut the

throats of all but Hassan Agha. But when the turn came to him, Torkom muttered between clenched teeth:

"May God curse the day on which you were born and the ground whereon you die. Offspring of a breed of unholy dogs, God has granted me my prayer. I prayed that I might be prevented from letting you get off alive. Now you shall die."

Then sinking his sword into the breast of the prostrate form, he drew it and struck again and again. He kissed the blade, and blood reddened his lips. Striking off the ears of the dead man he hung them from his belt. He called to his friends that they should pick up whatever they wished to carry away as a trophy of their day's work. And he set out, his face turned homeward. He had had such partial revenge as a broken heart is capable of; and the blood on his dagger saved his tottering faith in God.—*L. P.*

THE END.

### *The Lion Heart.*

**A**UTUMN had stolen unawares on the slow little town of Tedford, nestling at the foot of great green hills overhanging the wide blue Georgian Bay. The sturdy maples of the avenue had "put their glory on." Through the mild afternoon air there swept out at times from the bay gusts which foretold wild winter nights and the moan of waves on the breakwater.

The school-bell in the tower rang for four, and as its last clang sounded over the sleepy town, round the corner and down the avenue dashed half-a-hundred boys, whistling, shouting, running in full chase after one another, their school-bags flapping back and forth on their shoulders. Slowly, demurely the girls followed, chatting and giggling in groups. Then came the teachers talking in a dignified undertone. All made straight for the Post-office as was their wont. The children swarmed round the wicket like a hive of bees, bobbing up and down, crowding into the front rank, calling out for their mail, then flying off through the open door into the street.

Back in the corner, awaiting their turn, stood Miss McLaren and Miss White, who had been doing substitute work in the school for the month past. Because "a fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind," these two strangers had become fast friends. They spent long happy hours walking by the bay, drinking in its beauty. They found a great deal of amusement, too, in watching this old town and its people; and had a humorous appreciation of the interested stares with which the townsfolk followed them. Rumor said these teachers came from the city. But even city girls have hearts and sometimes long for a "kent" face, as the Scotch say.

"No letters! Well, all that's left us to do, then, is to go and see the sunset over the bay, Miss McLaren."

"Very well; but let us go up Main street. This is market day and we'll see the farmers. I do like to watch their faces. They are so unconscious of themselves, and so intent on their bargains and their customers that their whole



character stands out on their faces. Oh! It's fine to live near to Nature's heart as they do, and let Her 'chasten and subdue' at will. Their faces show it."

"Tut! Mac, this is some more of your fine moonshine philosophy. Come into the stores now and listen to these men driving bargains. And just notice how many of these same pennies, for which they fought so long, will go for chewing tobacco. What have you to say to that?"

"It's not a very savoury habit, I agree; but after all, it's only external. We see too much of the other sort; I mean that polish which is put on to cover up faults of character. As for haggling for pennies, a man's often worse engaged, that's my opinion. In olden days, men fought in war for spoils and were called heroes. In modern society the fight is still for spoils, and it is a more direct one. And as formerly, the battle is to the strong. I am certain, too, that in our day there is much less physical death in the scuffle, and less spiritual death, too, I believe. Now, if you want an argument, come on, missie.—"

The words were hardly spoken when she started, seemed to hesitate, then gave a quick step forward.

"Mr. Moore, is it you?"

Miss White caught the thrill of gladness in the voice and marvelled silently. Miss McLaren, the stately blue-stocking, had seized in both hers the great hand of a strange-looking old man wearing black goggles: and her face shone with delight like the face of a child. This tall, powerful man would have been a marked figure in any town, how much more, then, standing alone in the sleepy streets of quiet Tedford. His clothes were faded and all but threadbare; the great strong frame seemed to be growing too large for the tight short coat. The rusty black hat was shoved back and showed a high, intelligent brow. His snow-white hair and the fair skin caused the ugly black goggles, which hid the deep pits where once the eyes had been, to stand out in painful contrast. But every feature of the face bespoke calm strength. Even at the quick, glad cry of the woman as she seized his hand, he showed no sudden emotion; but a humorous smile played round his mouth as if he were merely an onlooker at this scene, where a stately woman, oblivious of appearances, rushes impetuously forward to grasp the hand of an old blind man and that, too, in a town where gossip went in the air.

"Mr. Moore, do you know me?" she cried.

"Well, no, I don't, my dear."

The hearty rich tones of his Irish brogue reached the ear of her friend, who had sauntered on.

"Don't you know the voice?"

"Indeed, I must say I don't: but if you'd tell me I'd know." This with a chuckle.

"You remember Chrissie McLaren?"

"Oh, my child, and how do you come to be away up in this out-of-the-world place?"

"I am just one of those pieces of driftwood known as a substitute, Mr. Moore. The Principal is ill, and I am filling his place. But, how is it I find you standing quite calmly and peacefully in front of this store as if you had

been waiting here for the last five years knowing I would come along and make a delighted spring at you?"

"Ha! Ha! child, so you're glad to see me! And how's your mother?"

"Well, thank you, Mr. Moore, quite well; but she wonders what has become of you. Tell me, how came you here?"

"I just came in with a farmer for the drive; I'll be going out again in a few minutes."

"But, you'll surely go down to see mother before long; or have you given up your long walks?"

"No, dear, not at all,—not at all; what other way have I to get about, child? Oh, yes, if I'm spared,—if I'm spared, I'll be spending part of the winter in the city."

A note of sadness crept into his voice. The woman's eyes were swimming. She knew what it would mean to his proud Irish spirit to be forced to live on public charity in an "Old Men's Home." But not a trace of the thought was in her voice as she said laughingly, "There's where you'll get full room to argue to your heart's content, Mr. Moore. Don't down them all. Give them a little loop-hole."

This brought the smiles back, and fearing lest Miss White would be impatient with her, she slipped a bank note and card into the old man's hand and hurried off, crying:

"We'll look for you to spend Christmas with us. I'll tell mother you're coming to see our new home. The address is on the card. Good-bye till then."

"Good-bye, child; God bless you."

This was the first "kent" face she had looked on in Tedford; it had warmed her heart to come so unexpectedly on this friend of her childhood. As she hurried forward, loath to lose sight of him, she glanced back for a moment and saw the noble figure still standing there, lifting his strong, calm face to smile with seeing eyes into the face of the Eternal.

At the end of the street by the bay, she found Miss White. The sun was setting. Her soul responded to the beauty about her. She seemed lifted out of herself, above the world of blindness and misery. Her eyes were full of light and her face alive with expression. Flinging out her arms dramatically towards the sunlit bay, she began quoting half-laughingly, half-seriously:

"Glory about thee, without thee: and thou fulfillest thy doom,  
Making Him broken gleams, and a stifled splendor and gloom."

Then drawing a great deep breath, she went on in a voice low and exquisitely tender, as if communing with her soul:

"Speak to Him thou for He hears, and spirit with spirit can meet,  
Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet."

Miss White saw she was in one of her flights and gave her a few moments to herself before she asked:

"Who's the grand old lion-friend? Blind! How dreadful!"

"Blind? I wish one-tenth of the men of this world could see as well as that man does, and there would be something doing, lady."

"He has a splendid face."

"That face seems to flow along my dreams. Years ago when we were children and lived in the country he used to play blind-man's buff with us on the front lawn. The genuine thing, that! It made us children creep and feel eerie to be chased about in the twilight by a great big man, who groped about and stretched long arms to catch us, and who was always, always in that great dark world that we found so strange and dreadful when our eyes were blinded.

"My grandfather it was who first drew from him something of his history. I have heard my mother tell how these men would go over all their early years together. Grandfather would begin with some story of his rollicking days at college in old Aberdeen. Then the blind man, a much younger man than my grandfather, would warm up and tell of wild Irish pranks of his student days in Queen's College, Belfast. His father, a wealthy merchant in Londonderry, had great ambitions for his son. He was to study for the church. During the first three years of his Arts course, the lad was far too fond of athletics and sport of all kinds to bother deciding what his future would be. In every frolic he was ringleader, I fancy. But in his fourth year it came about in some way that he heard Charles Spurgeon preach, and that great man's personality so took hold of him that he went into his theological reading with a greater enthusiasm than he had shown even in sport. Night after night he sat reading, reading, trying to work out for himself some of the awful tangles of Calvinism. (Oh! you should hear him argue). And at the end of his fifth year his eyes began to show signs of weakness. He would not be warned, but went on and on. The awfulness of that soul-anguish I can imagine only dimly. Finally, he decided. He would not enter the church. He dared not look God in the face and lie. So he would not subscribe to the Confession.

"Fancy the disappointment to his father. He must have been of the stern old North-of-Ireland type, proud and self-willed. To cross such a man is dangerous. He gave the boy his choice. He must obey the wishes of his father, or be disinherited. I know nothing of the struggle; but knowing the man, I fancy that though the love for his father made it hard, yet this struggle was not nearly so severe as the first one. He never spoke of this; but as a result he came to Canada, and began to lecture.

"His eyes were gradually growing weaker. I daresay the nervous strain helped to do the damage. At any rate, six months after he came, he went blind.

"Poor, friendless, blind, in a strange land. I can not begin to realize what it means. But the strong heart in that erect body was not easily daunted. He saw the need of a man to speak out against the liquor traffic in the young country. Hundreds of men were falling under the curse. He became a temperance lecturer, not the ordinary, dry, stale temperance-crank, but one whose powerful presentation of facts made the evil hide its face for a time. My grandfather, a Scotchman who believed in a glass, too, would go miles to hear him. The striking, forceful language, the deep thought, the keen sense of humor, and his sympathetic heart made him a most fascinating lecturer. For a time he was popular, and made a good deal of money in spite of the fact that his subject was not an attractive one. But you know how soon the world tires of anything and everything. Oh! I cannot follow it all out; at any rate, now

he goes about from place to place, alone, unguided, getting a hearing where he can. I remember once overtaking him on the road near home. He was walking along briskly, feeling the way before him with his cane, and humming to himself a happy little Irish song. Once a year he came to spend a few days with us. He has a great many friends who feel honored to have him in their homes. His prayer at family worship is beautiful beyond words. It seems first to speak of all of God's birds that sing, and His flowers that send up their incense; then leaving this world it soars to the throne of the Eternal and sings its song of praise there. His whole heart's love has been given to God. When you rise from your knees, you feel that 'earth is crammed with heaven.' I cannot think where he has spent these last five years. Dear me! how white his hair is! I fear the great lion-heart will beat in a wider world one day soon. But not yet. He'll do some work this winter among those old grumblers in the Home, and chuckle over it. But ah! his leave-taking will be his last triumph here. Already I fancy I hear his shout of victory.

“The journey is done, and the summit attained,  
And the barriers fall.  
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,  
The reward of it all.  
I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,  
The best and the last!  
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes and forbore  
And bade me creep past.  
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,  
The black minute's at end,  
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,  
Shall dwindle, shall blend,  
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,  
Then a light, then Thy breast  
O Thou Soul of my soul! I shall clasp Thee again,  
And with God be the rest.”\*

“But see! That last little bit of glory over Cape Rich is all that's left us. We must go in, it's getting chilly. Here's my street. See you in the morning—Auf Wiedersehen.”

\*Browning, *Prospect*.

### *Of Studies.*

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring; for ornament is in discourse, and for ability is in the judgment and disposition of business. . . . To spend too much time in studies is sloth, to use them too much for ornament is affectation, to make judgment only by their rules is the humour of a scholar. They perfect Nature, and are perfected by experience. For natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too

much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. . . . Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested—that is, some books are to be read only in parts, others to be read, but not curiously, and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others, but that would be only in the less important arguments and the meaner sort of books, else distilled books are like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man. And therefore if a man write little he had need have a great memory; if he confer little he had need have a present wit, and if he read little he had need have much cunning to seem to know that he doth not. Histories make men wise, poets witty, the mathematics subtle, natural philosophy deep, moral grave, logic and rhetoric able to contend, “*Abeunt studia in mores.*”—*Bacon.*

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### *Song.*

Once between me and thee  
 The quiet bond of years;  
 A tone, a glance, a word  
 Wrought smiles from tears.

Now between thee and me  
 A weary stretch of miles,  
 And silence, pain and grief  
 Wring tears from smiles.—*M.*

### *Sonnet.*

Into the vast unpeopled realms of space,  
 Aeons before creation's primal dawn,  
 Ere mightiest sun or satellite was born  
 And thrust upon its great predestined race;—  
 Into the days to come, with fearless pace  
 I travel onward to the farthest bourne,  
 Where the great life has been evolved, upborne,  
 And taken on new forms and fresher grace.

Though on my pillow in a sleepless trance  
 This aching head lies bound to earth, I see,  
 Taste, touch, the merest points in the immense  
 Infinities,—yet gladly, wonderingly,  
 I feel through body's bonds, the soul's expanse,—  
 The mighty thrill of immortality.—*M.*

# Queen's University Journal

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ASSOCIATE EDITOR - - - R. C. Jackson.

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## Editorials.



MR. N. S. MACDONNELL, RHODES SCHOLAR.

MR. Norman S. Macdonnell has been awarded by the University Senate the Rhodes Scholarship for 1907. Mr. Macdonnell spent the first ten years of his life in Toronto. We are credibly informed that it was not during this period that he learned to read the *Agamemnon*. It was probably in obedience to the instinct for study which still distinguishes him, that he left that quiet town and settled in Fergus. Here he remained for six years, devoting himself to the reading of the Classics, under the direction of Peter Perry, Esq., M.A. Following this, he took a general course at Upper Canada College, including in particular Mathematics and English. He entered Queen's with the class of



1909, having won the Governor-General's Scholarship in 1902. While here he has been taking Political Science and English in addition to his course in Classics.

In his athletic work, Mr. Macdonnell has paid most attention to running. While at Upper Canada College, he took part in the cross-country runs and won the mile run. During his two years at Queen's, he has been a member of the Track Team, and at the meet this fall, he won second place in the mile, and at the R.M.C. sports, first place in the same event. He also was a member of the team which went from Queen's to the Inter-Collegiate meet in Toronto, and was appointed Secretary of the Track Club for the coming year. In addition, he won the Tennis championship this fall and was elected President of the Club.

Mr. Macdonnell has shown great interest in debating, having been appointed a member of the Debate Committee. He took part in several inter-year debates, and before the Political Science Club. He and his colleague won for Queen's the championship inter-collegiate debate at Ottawa in January last.

In addition, Mr. Macdonnell has been on the Journal staff during the present session as Editor of Athletics. He has not neglected the social side of life, at least, not to a noticeable degree.



MR. CAMPBELL LAIDLAW.

The Exhibition of '51 Scholarship has been awarded to Mr. Campbell Laidlaw, B.A. Mr. Laidlaw is a son of the late Rev. R. J. Laidlaw, LL.D., of St. Paul's, Hamilton. His early education was received in the Hamilton Collegiate Institute. At the age of 14, he removed to the country near George-

town, where he spent two years in the High School, matriculating to Queen's in 1898. He got his Bachelor's degree in three years and spent the two following years with the Laidlaw Lumber Co., of Toronto. Since 1903, he has been engaged in the study of medicine, with a uniformly high standing in his Classes. In his idle intervals, Mr. Laidlaw made several trips to the West, and has been out with survey parties. He has farmed, both in the West and in Ontario. (Don't smile so violently, we have his affidavit on this point). He managed to squeeze in somewhere a trip to the Old Country. Since he entered on his medical course, he has spent two summers with practising physicians, that of 1906 in Detroit.

Besides several other things, Mr. Laidlaw has held many offices in the various organizations of the University. In 1900, he was Secretary of the A. M. S., and in 1905, was a candidate for the Presidency. For two years, he was manager of the Rugby Club. He was the first Secretary-treasurer of the Musical Committee when it was re-organized. For three years he served on the Debate Committee, and for two years on the Athletic Committee. This fall he was nominated for the presidency of the Aesculapian Society, but declined to run. He was the convener of the committee in charge of the last medical banquet. *Et Caetera.*

In addition to the work which fell to him in connection with these positions, Mr. Laidlaw has managed to include in his course a *few* of the social events of the College.

The scholarship which Mr. Laidlaw has won is given every two years, and is awarded to the student who has shown himself capable of original research work in a scientific subject, by H. M. Commissioners of the Exhibition of 1851. Its value is \$750 annually, and its award entitles the student to undertake research work in American or European Universities. Mr. Laidlaw's special work has been in connection with bacteriology, and in particular the study of a bacterium which was discovered by Dr. W. T. Connell in 1896, and which had not been heretofore scientifically described or classified. Its study is expected to prove of great value to the dairying interests of Canada.

Mr. Laidlaw expects to go to London, Eng., this fall, to enter the laboratory of Sir A. E. Wright, the propounder of the Opsonic Theory, where he will be engaged in the study of the tubercular bacillus in its relation to the opsonic theory of disease.

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#### SUCCESSFUL SCHOLARS.

THE Journal offers its congratulations to the students who have received the Scholarships. They are men who have proved themselves able to make good use of their opportunities, they have done well while at Queen's, and we are sure that in the future the same capacity that they have shown here, will carry them to greater success in their wider field. Those who read the short sketches of their career at this university, may reflect upon this,—that it is not the man who crams incessantly at his narrow line of work who wins the finest success or gets the most out of his course; a medal won will not compensate a man for other interests that become atrophied—interests which are legitimate and

worthy, interests which make the life full and many-sided. The man who makes and shall make the best use of himself and his opportunities at college, is he who determines to do his technical work well and at the same time include with it everything that offers itself as likely to develop his body and mind and soul—to take in the theatre, the athletic games, if only as a spectator, the lectures on Aesthetics, the Sunday-afternoon services. Human life, after all, is what men must know, not German nor Geology, unless they would be narrow and unsympathetic. We do not admire the action of the students who remained away from the concert given by the Glee Club this winter. Not only did it show on their part a lack of respect for the excellent efforts of that Club, and an unwillingness to aid and encourage a Queen's enterprise, but also it was a striking example of a spirit which should not exist in a university—the spirit which would “pass,” no matter what. We are not advocating the habits of the College dilettanti who fritter away their time on nothing at all. But we believe that a university should be a place where attention is less directed to “study” and more to “learn,” more to reading and living than to cramming and existing. This was Cecil Rhodes' idea in founding his Scholarships: we believe it a worthy ideal; and we again congratulate Mr. Macdonnell and Mr. Laidlaw on the fact that, while taking high standing in their class work, they have included with it every side of college life that tended to heighten aims and broaden sympathies and give them a sense of the living of men.

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THE SEIGNORIAL SYSTEM IN CANADA.

A NOTABLE monograph on this extremely interesting theme has just appeared from the Longman press. Its author, Mr. W. B. Munro, is a Canadian by birth and education, who has won his way to an assistant professorship of government in Harvard University. His monograph, which is the latest number of the lengthening series of “Harvard Historical Studies,” has for sub-title the designation, “A Study in French Colonial Policy,” and the most cursory perusal of its contents will prove to any reader that the book is much more than an account of the seignorial system. Mr. Munro himself suggests the idea that he owes to Parkman's sketch of Canadian feudalism the inspiration that prompted this extended “study,” and no Canadian who has ever felt a like inspiration will withhold his tribute of appreciation of the way in which the author has performed what was evidently his labor of love. No adequate pecuniary remuneration for such work can be expected.

Any attempt in this connection to give a detailed account of Mr. Munro's line of treatment would be found impracticable. It must suffice to say that, having set up “the European background” against which to exhibit his sketch of this side of French colonial life, he proceeds step by step to explain the nature of the early and later seignorial grants, the social and economic relations between the seignior and the censitaire, and the process of disintegration through which the system passed until the passage by the Canadian Parliament of the act of 1854, by which the privileges of the seigniors were abolished and the privilege of acquiring a fee simple title to their lands was conferred on the censitaires. Mr. Munro notes the fact, too often disregarded by publicists but

well known to close observers of the institutional life of the Province of Quebec, that "comparatively few of them took advantage of this provision," and that "to the present day they or their descendants continue to pay their "rente constituée" with more or less punctuality. In other words, the seigniorial system cannot be correctly described as "abolished" so long as a large proportion of the holders of land prefer the status of tenants to that of freeholders.

While the Canadian student, academic or other, owes and acknowledges a debt of gratitude to those who under foreign auspices devote themselves to the laborious work of discovering and collating the facts of early Canadian history, he may be pardoned for an expression of regret that so little has been hitherto accomplished in the same direction under the auspices of our Canadian universities. If the example set by Mr. Munro should stimulate some one or more young men of like spirit to devote themselves to the work of research with equal intelligence and persistence, probably he will be inclined to regard that as not the least important of the results traceable to the preparation of his admirable treatise.—*Toronto Globe*.

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THE D. J. MACDONNELL CHAIR.

Few graduates of Queen's have served their Alma Mater with greater resourcefulness and more passionate loyalty than the late Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, for many years minister of St. Andrew's church, Toronto. The friends of Queen's in Toronto and the admirers of Mr. Macdonnell have planned to devote the contributions of Toronto to the Queen's Endowment Fund to the founding of "The D. J. Macdonnell Chair" in Mental Philosophy. No more fitting memorial could be raised to the man who as graduate, trustee, lecturer and generous benefactor gave Queen's rare service and contributed powerfully as preacher and citizen to the higher life of Toronto and the whole of Canada. Of the \$50,000 required \$35,000 have already been promised and Mr. Laird is now in Toronto seeking further contributions. A pleasing incident of the movement was the receipt last week by Rev. Alex. Macgillivray of a substantial cheque from Rev. W. J. McCaughan, of Chicago, who succeeded Mr. Macdonnell in St. Andrew's church, accompanied by a letter expressing his gratification that Mr. Macdonnell's name should thus be associated with Queen's in some permanent form. This movement offers a splendid opportunity to the many thousands who appreciated the worth and greatness of Macdonnell's work to perpetuate his influence in the University for whose upbuilding he labored so unselfishly throughout an exceptionally busy life.

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*Notes.*

AT the meeting of the Naturalists' Club, held on February 5th, Mr. M. Y. Williams read a paper on "Hawks." The paper was most interesting as it was based entirely upon the writer's own observations. At the close of the paper a lengthy discussion upon this group of birds took place, during which many interesting points were touched upon. At the meeting on February 19th the Honorary President, Dr. Goodwin, delivered a most delightful address on

"Bird Music." The speaker having a knowledge both of birds and of music, is able to analyze and take down the various bird songs and calls note by note and to reproduce them when wanted by whistling. Thus his address was interspersed with many excellent imitations of the songs of the feathered inhabitants of our woods and fields. After the meeting Dr. and Mrs. Goodwin entertained the members of the Club at supper at their home. Their kind hospitality was very greatly appreciated and the pleasant evening will long be remembered by the members of the Club. On Tuesday, March 5th, the President, Mr. A. B. Klugh, delivered his address. The President spoke on "The Warblers of Ontario," and illustrated his address with specimens of nearly all the species found in the province. The speaker pointed out the marks by which the various species of this most fascinating family of birds may be distinguished in the field, and gave notes on their changes of plumage, habits, time of migration and songs.—K.

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The annual meeting of the Journal staff was held on Thursday, March 21st. The following have been named as the staff for the session of 1907-08: *Editor-in-Chief*, Mr. G. A. Platt, B.A.; *Associate-Editor*, Mr. J. A. Stead, M.A.; *Managing Editor*, Mr. J. A. Shaver; *Lady Editors*, Miss Christina Macfarlane, B.A., Miss Shaw; *Arts*, Mr. Chas. Livingston; *Literary*, Mr. R. J. McDonald, B.A.; *Book Reviews*, Miss M. D. Harkness, M.A.; *Medicine*, Mr. A. L. Raymond, B.A.; *Alumni*, Mr. A. D. Cornett; *Science*, Mr. R. O. Swezey; *Divinity*, Mr. Jno. Macdonald, B.A.; *Music*, Mr. W. A. Beecroft; *Athletics*, Mr. J. S. Gandier; *Exchanges*, Mr. M. N. Omond; *Business Manager*, Mr. D. I. McLeod; *Assistant-Business Manager*, Mr. D. C. Caverley; *Business Committee*, Miss Annie Stewart, Mr. Huff, Mr. G. F. Baker. The present staff decided to present itself with bound copies of this session's Journal.

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How can an editor be expected to write editorials when his exams. are about "to spring upon him like an armed man," to quote a reminiscence of lectures in English? We believe that even a "literary man" could not do it. So we will merely assume Dr. Munyon's favorite posture, and refrain.

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Arthur Estey, Fredericton, N.B., has been awarded the Rhodes Scholarship at Acadia College, Wolfville, N.S.

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Rev. R. E. Welsh, M.A., has been nominated for the chair of Apologetics and Church History at the Montreal Presbyterian College, Montreal.

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At the Alma Mater meeting of March 9th, the following were appointed members of the new Debate Committee: D. C. Ramsay, R. C. Jackson, D. C. Caverley, J. H. McQuarrie, N. S. Macdonnell, F. Stidwill, M. Y. Williams, W. Morrison, and A. Chatham, with M. N. Omond as Secretary.

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The Musical Committee, 1906-1907, presented its report at the same meeting. The new committee will be: C. Burns, Chairman; Miss M. Macdonnell,

Miss Sanderson, N. J. McKinley, A. Findlay, G. Lockett, J. M. Simpson, with D. A. McArthur as Secretary-Treasurer.

The Registrar announces the following registration figures: In Arts, 700; in Science, 221; in Medicine, 210; in Theology, 31; less registered in two faculties, 23; total registration, 1,139. This is an increase of 97 over last session.

## *Ladies.*

THE Y. W. C. A. held its annual business meeting on March 15th, when the following officers for next year were announced: Honorary President, Mrs. Watson; President, Miss MacInnis; Vice-President, Miss Hall; Recording Secretary, Miss E. Nesbitt; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Shaw; Treasurer, Miss Ross.

Miss MacInnis and Miss Green were appointed delegates to Silver Bay, a work for which the society felt able this year to set aside the sum of eighty dollars.

On March 20, the Levana Society, too, closed a busy year's work. The members look back with pleasure to lectures in art and literature, plays, and debates, and music, social and business meetings. The President has been successful in carrying through the business part of the meeting in the legal half-hour, and we have had exceptionally good programmes. It is hardly necessary that the society should express its thanks to those who contributed, those whose capability has flowered into performance; rather it is to be regretted that so many members have not had an opportunity to do very much work for the common good. However, the graduating class have considerable hope that when their re-union takes place they will find candidates as willing to take part in the programme as they usually are to act as delegates to the different At Homes.

It so happened this year that owing to the numerical weakness of the junior year several girls were nominated for office in both societies. But, to judge by the numbers in the first two years this need not occur again. However capable and willing many members are it is scarcely fair to ask them to attend a double number of the girls' committee meetings as well as the various meetings in connection with their respective years. It is in the general interest, too, that as many different members as possible act on the executives in order that as many as possible may receive training in such work; and with over one hundred girls in attendance, and the prospect of strong junior years in future, overlapping will scarcely be necessary in executives that require such a comparatively small number of officers.

The following are the members of the Levana executive for next year: Honorary President, Mrs. Goodwin; President, Miss Reive; Vice-President, Miss Hiscock; Secretary, Miss Patton; Treasurer, Miss Cram; Critic, Miss MacInnis; Poetess, Miss Fargey; Prophet-Historian, Miss A. Pierce; Senior



Curator, Miss A. Stewart; Convener of Programme Committee, Miss E. Mil-  
lar; Convener of Athletic Committee, Miss Burke; Director of Glee Club, Miss  
Macdonnell.

Thus both Levana and Y.W.C.A. have a strong list of officers, and we may  
look for every success next year.

Our elections remind us forcibly that the college term is rapidly drawing  
to a close, and we are further reminded of that fact by the atmosphere of care  
and labor in the senior class rooms. And yet as 'certain of our own poets also  
have said':—

"Look to the glad freshettes about us, Lo,  
Laughing they say 'Unto the dance I go,  
I leave my books deserted on the shelf  
And all my scruples to the winds I throw.'

Were it not folly plugger-like to plug  
The hours of college life away to win  
An M.A. hood for one, who knows not if, in spring,  
She can scrawl out the knowledge now soaked in."

The Levana Society thanks the girls of '06 for their gift of a dozen silver  
spoons.

Miss A.: "Where shall we hold the executive meetings next year?"

Senior: "Where there is a quorum, of course."

Senior: "They say Mr. — is not likely to recover.

Freshette: "Oh! and I've been horrid to him at the 'rink, too!"

Senior: "Yes, Miss Z—— was a nice, quiet, little girl when she first came  
to college four years ago. I liked her then; she didn't go out very much, and  
she attended meetings, and she was a good student. But now! She goes to the  
hockey matches and At Homes, and she *dances*, and *I don't like her hat*."

## Arts.

IT is often said that Queen's as an institution is not rich, and it is a fact she  
need not be ashamed of, but it is also true that Queen's students, on the  
average, do not possess any more of this world's goods than they know how to  
put to good use; of which, too, we need not be ashamed. And now in the spring  
of the year, when most of us, after having paid our examination fees, are look-  
ing at our small residue, wondering if we can get out free of debt and wishing  
no doubt that we had been born rich, the following statements will console us,  
and cause us even to rejoice in our poverty and independence. The depart-  
ment of Political Economy of Yale has been collecting statistics, which will  
confirm the view which we have indicated of the old problem whether wealth

is an asset or a handicap for the average young man beginning life. The returns point to the fact that students who get through on a total expenditure of \$500 or less, per college year, devote only six per cent. of their outlay to clothes, while those who spend \$2,000 or more, adorn themselves, at a cost of a quarter of their incomes. Again, the richer students, it seems, spend 18 times as much as the poorer, on pleasure, and 82 times as much on tobacco and intoxicants. What dangers there are in riches even to college men who have not learned how to make right use of them! Can we not say that they are the fortunate persons who seek the true development to which they learn to subordinate all other things, even wealth when it comes to them?

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At the final meeting of the Philosophical Society, the following officers were elected for next year: Hon. President, Prof. Campbell; President, D. C. Ramsay; Vice-President, J. M. Shaver; Secretary-Treasurer, C. C. Salisbury.

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At the annual meeting of the Y.M.C.A., some time ago, new regulations were adopted with respect to the Freshmen's Reception. They are as follows:

I. That the Freshmen's Receptions hereafter be made less formal in their nature than has been the case in the last few years.

II. That invitations be confined to the members of the Y.W.C.A., Y.M.C.A., members of the Freshmen class, Professors and their families.

III. That the system of having regular promenade programmes be dispensed with, that the programme be provided as far as possible by the students themselves, and the entertainment throughout be planned with a view to having the members of the Freshman class become as widely acquainted as possible.

IV. That the practice of soliciting aid in the way of refreshments be discontinued.

These regulations being agreed to, a further recommendation was adopted to the effect that the present system of collecting membership fee by selling tickets to the Freshmen's Reception be discontinued; that the Membership Committee undertake a canvass for membership among the students in the spring, the Freshmen being canvassed immediately after the Reception in the fall; that those desiring to become members shall be asked to make a subscription to the funds of the Society, a subscription of 50 cents and over entitling one to membership.

It is obvious that a very important and much-needed reform has been made in this popular function, the Freshmen's Reception. This function, it must be acknowledged, has come to be so crowded, and confusing, so formal and so unentertaining to Freshmen, that it has defeated its chief aim; which is to make the Freshmen Class "as widely acquainted as possible" with the students of other Years, and among themselves. To prevent the usual crowding, the invitations are now to be limited to the members of the Y.M.C.A. and Y.W.C.A., the Freshmen Class, the Professors and their families. To make the function less formal, the regular promenades will be dispensed with. In this way we hope the difficulties of previous Receptions will be overcome, and the Freshmen will be well entertained, and made at home in their new surroundings.

## Science.

### THE CHIEF ENGINEER AND THE ALL RED LINE.

**A**N address on the above suggestive subject was delivered by Principal Gordon before the Engineering Society on March 8th. The chief engineer is Sir Sandford Fleming, who recently celebrated his 80th birthday. Our Principal sketched the career of this truly great man in a most interesting way, and we only regret that the address was not written out so that Journal readers might have had it in its entirety.

Sir Sandford came to Canada from Scotland in his early manhood to follow the engineering profession. The chief monument of his work is the Inter-colonial Railway, of which he was chief engineer. He was also for a time chief engineer of the Canadian Pacific Railway during the early stages of its location and construction. Previous to 1883 Sir Sandford was the chief agent moving for the adoption of standard time instead of mean local time. That year saw the system generally adopted. Sir Sandford has always found leisure to take up work of national importance. He was the moving spirit in laying the Pacific Cable, a big undertaking only recently completed, and for his public services has been honored from many sources. Since 1880 we have known him as Chancellor of Queen's.

The second part of the subject—The 'All Red Line'—gave the Principal an opportunity to declare himself an Imperialist, not in the sense of militarism or expansion, but as an advocate of closer union between all parts of the British Empire. To effect this, greater familiarity between the colonies is necessary, and at present the means are inadequate. An Empire cable—an 'all red line'—offers a solution that has engaged the attention of our Chancellor during his later years. The proposed cable will encircle the globe, touching all parts of the Empire and following British territory all the way, for Britain is conceded mistress of the seas. The estimated cost is £5,000,000 for the parts not yet completed. Principal Gordon pointed out many of the advantages that would accrue from such a cable line, and concluded his remarks by saying: "This is the one plan that has been put forward to unite the units of the Empire, and I only hope that the chief engineer will live to see it completed."

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### FINAL YEAR DINNER.

With the Director of the School of Mining it has become an established custom to give a dinner to the graduating year in Science. It is only a mild expression of our feelings to say that we heartily enjoyed the banquet of March 14th, and all present were unanimous in their appreciation of Dr. and Mrs. Goodwin's hospitality. This year the class is so large, forty in all, that the capacity of the Doctor's comfortable home was sorely taxed.

After a sumptuous repast, impromptu speech-making was in order. J. L. King, President of the Engineering Society, was toastmaster for the occasion, and needless to say he fulfilled his duties admirably. The toasts of the evening were: "The King" (not (J. L.)), "Our Host and Hostess," "The Ladies," "Pork and Beans," and "The Faculty." In replying to the last toast our genial

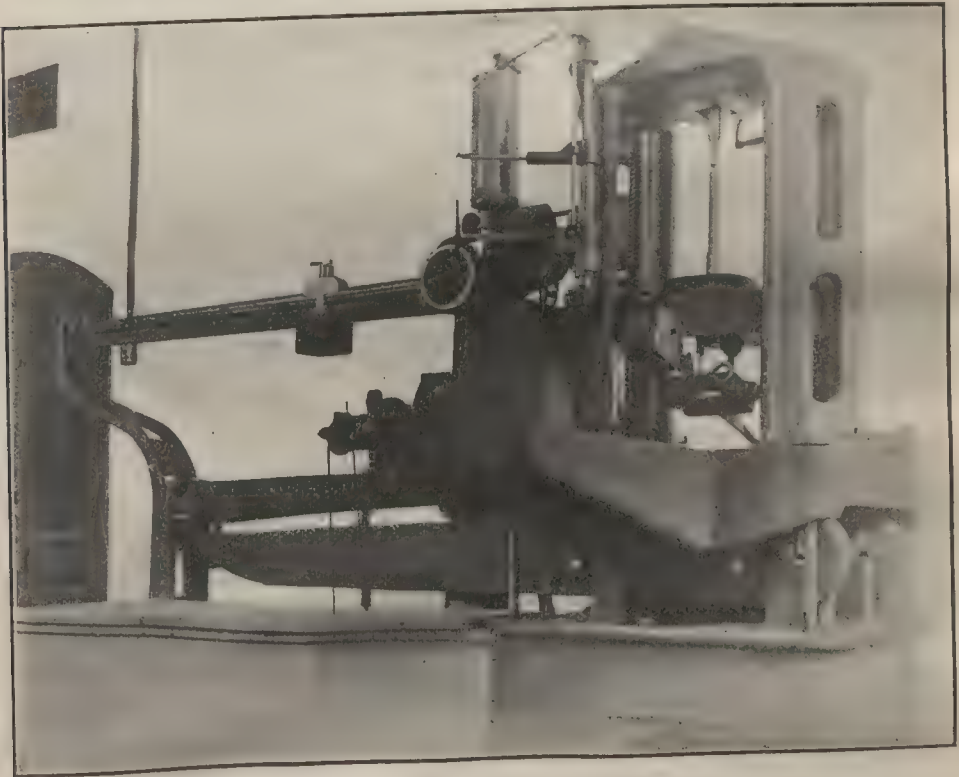
host became reminiscent. Such a large graduating class reminded him, by way of contrast, of the first class of two that graduated from the School of Mining ten years ago. He further remarked that one advantage we enjoy here is the good fortune of having a staff of practical engineers. This may in part explain why most of our graduates have been so successful from the start.

College songs, recitations by the toastmaster, a prophecy regarding individual members of the class twenty years hence, and fish stories by Dr. Goodwin and others enlivened the evening, making it one long to be remembered by '07 Science.

A few remarks by the speech-makers: McL-r-n, "I feel that I can do nothing less than propose to the ladies."

W--ls-y, "A great many of us will be leaving Kingston, but the lady question will go with us."

B-r-l-tt, "A man from the Yukon once told me he had lived on pork and beans until his immortal soul had grown to rind."



Richle Testing Machine, Capacity 50 Tons.

The machine, of which we present a cut, was specially designed for our testing laboratory. It records the compressive and tensile strength of materials of construction to the nearest ten pounds, and will also accommodate beams up to six feet in length.

Drafting room pointers for the benefit of '07 Civils from the lone Mechanical: "Up and under, tension. Down and over, compression."

Accompanying Prof. Miller's article in the first issue of the Canadian Mining Journal is an illustration of the Ontario Government geological survey party. In the canoe several School of Mining men can be distinguished, although whiskers and mustachios are rather misleading.

At the last meeting the final year formed itself into an organization to be known in future as the '07 *Science Club*. The following officers were elected: President, G. J. McKay; Secretary, R. Potter; Advisory Committee, L. J. Gleeson, Mechanical; G. H. Herriot, Civil; A. A. Murphy, Electrical; G. R. McLaren, Mining; and A. A. Fleming, Mineralogy and Geology. It was decided to hold the first reunion in Kingston at the time of the Engineering Society's Annual Dinner, December, 1910.

The other business included the appointment of a Valedictorian. This honor fell to J. D. Calvin, B.A.

Lindsay Malcolm, M.A., has been appointed city engineer of Stratford, his duties to commence the latter part of April. We extend congratulations, and venture to predict that next fall, as one of his first duties, the Alumni Editor will be called upon to chronicle the passing of a bachelor to the ranks of the benedicts.

The final year president seemed greatly confused at the joint year meeting of '07 Arts and Science held in the Physics lecture room, March 14th. The presence of the ladies, or perhaps *one* lady, may have occasioned his stoppage in speech and furtive glances.

Other features at this meeting were violin solos by A. Findlay, readings by J. L. King, songs by A. R. McSwain, piano selections by Miss Crowley, and prophecy by C. W. Murray.

#### THE MARKS WE FAIL TO GET.

We were wrestling with our Physics  
 As the "wee sma' hours" grew big.  
 We'd pounded Chem. and Calculus  
 And had raved o'er Spheric Trig.,  
 When weary of the hours of toil,  
 Yet with rooms above to let,  
 We lit our pipes and pondered  
 O'er the marks we would not get.

We've been rushed through Math. this session  
 With a roar and whiz and whirl.  
 We've no time to write for money,  
 Or love letters to the girl.  
 We've worked to show the folks at home  
 We are quite the cheese, and yet  
 The Prof's will be astonished  
 At the marks we do not get.

Day of wrath and dark foreboding  
 We meet thee with brain of dough,  
 For our knowledge sums to zero  
 And our mind is weak and slow.  
 Shenstone, Watson, Newton, Dana,  
 Help us now—with fears beset,  
 Or, ye gods! we'll break records  
 With the marks we do not get.—*A. W. S., '09 Poet.*

#### STUDENT PAPERS.

Three student papers were read before the Engineering Society at the last meeting. The first, by G. H. Herriot, dealt with the subject of "Railway Grades," and was made most interesting with lantern illustrations. J. M. Sands' paper was on the "Rossland Mining District," and W. J. Woolsey's on "Asbestos in Quebec." Owing to lack of time the last paper was accepted as read, since it had been heard previously at the meeting of the Eastern Section of the Canadian Mining Institute.

As an incentive for their preparation the Engineering Society offers prizes for the best student papers read during the session. No one seemed to waken up to this fact until the college year was almost over. It was the same last year; all the papers were read in a bunch at one meeting. Last fall in this column we took occasion to urge all those who had taken field notes during the summer to collect their data and prepare a paper for the mutual benefit of themselves and fellow-students. Second and third year men particularly should bear this in mind. A small field book for notes and sketches should be your constant companion during the summer vacation. Some engineering colleges require this of their students. Next session be prepared to give the Engineering Society the benefit of your observation and experience.

### *Medicine.*

AT the last meeting of '07, H. B. Longmore, B.A., was appointed valedictorian for the year. Students' Day this year ought to be a good one as we will have a combined meeting of all the faculties.

C. Laidlaw, B.A., has been recommended for the Science Research Scholarship for 1907. This scholarship, of the annual value of £150 stg., is awarded by Her Majesty's Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1851, to students who have given evidence of capacity for original research. This is a great triumph for Medicine as this is the first time that the award has been given to a medical student. It also shows that the Senate recognize the high position that Medicine holds in the scientific research work of the day. We all feel proud of Mr. Laidlaw and of the department of bacteriology in which his researches were made. This may be only the beginning, for, when the new biological buildings are erected, Arts and Science men will have to work all the more vigorously to keep up with the research work, which is receiving such marked attention at present.



L-ngm-r.—Having heard that the hairs of the head are numbered, I would like to get the back numbers.

Hiram.—For thy sake, tobacco, I would do anything but die.

A. Sp-nk--.—Well could he know a draught of London Ale.

Allan B.—He could minister to a mind diseased.

Sammy.—Did nothing in particular and did it well.

Boyce.—Much study hath made him very lean and pale.

Albert.—A mighty man is he with long and sinewy arms.

Sully.—In sunshine and rain he is always the same.

Dorland.—I do put on a sober habit, talk with respect and swear but now and then.

Andy.—He studied steadily and gained in weight.

Wightman:—

A solemn youth with sober phiz,

Who eats his grub and minds his biz.

Angus.—I never felt the kiss of love nor maiden's hand in mine.

Curphey.—As meek as is a maid.

Frank.—Fashioned so slenderly, young and so fair.

Johnston.—His soul is like a star and dwells apart.

Bruce.—Cunning in music and diseases of children.

Our President:—

Old as he is for ladies' love unfit,

The charms of rugby he remembers yet.

Freddy.—I am, though I say it myself, worth going a mile to see.

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Blondy: Where are you going to locate this summer?

Mac: Where are you?

Blondy: On the Island of Riel.

Mac: I think I'll pitch me tent on McBurney's Point.

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Dr. Mylks, Professor of Anatomy, is going to the old country in search of further knowledge of Medicine and Surgery. The professor carries with him the best wishes of the Aesculapian Society of Queen's.

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## *Divinity.*

THE annual meeting of the Queen's Missionary Association was held on Saturday, March 16th. The reports of the various officers showed that the Society has been active in all departments of its work. In spite of the increase both in the number of fields supported and the salaries paid, the debt has been reduced to about \$150. It was decided next year to undertake the support of two students in Persia, as Mr. W. A. Kennedy requested. Further work will likely be done, although the amount or nature of the work was not then decided. At this meeting it was decided to appoint an Honorary President for the Society. At the adjourned meeting a motion was brought in to add to the

list of officers that of an Alumni Secretary, whose duty it shall be to keep the graduates in touch with the work of the Society. After a long discussion this motion was passed.

The following are the officers elected: Honorary President, Dr. Chambers, of Persia; President, John MacDonald, B.A.; Vice-President, L. K. Sully, B.A.; Treasurer, P. G. McPherson; Financial Secretary, John McAskile; Corresponding Sec'y, R. P. McTavish; Critic, R. C. Jackson; Reporter, E. Hanna; Librarian, W. W. Kennedy. Conveners: Home Mission, Wm. Stott; Foreign Mission, R. J. McDonald; Membership, D. A. Ferguson, Alumni Secretary, S. Fyfe; Recording Secretary, A. P. Menzies.

In the last number of the Journal we referred to the appeal of Dr. King on behalf of Indore College. Since writing an interesting booklet has come to hand, "Glimpses of Industrial and Educational Work in India." An interesting description is given in it of the orphanage work at Russelpura Mohow. Many children were rescued from the famines of 1897 and 1899 and are being trained here in various branches of industrial work. Special attention is given to the development in them of strong Christian characters. Those who show special ability are, as far as funds will allow, sent on to the college at Indore, where a more advanced literary education is given. The church, it seems, is here rightly recognizing the value of education as a means of advancing its work in such countries as India. Its work here must appeal to any thoughtful man.

Rev. A. R. Gordon of Monikie, Scotland, has been nominated by the Board of the Presbyterian College, Montreal, for the chair of Old Testament Literature and Exegesis.

The lack of ministers to fill the ever-increasing number of pulpits is rightly giving alarm to many who are interested in the progress of the church. However, from the standpoint of the students graduating, it has its advantages. In order to become settled in a congregation it is not now necessary to wander from place to place preaching for a call. For the one who is willing to start with pioneer work there are many appointments open, affording excellent opportunities. We are glad that many of them in seeking ministers are not asking them to preach for a call, and hope that more congregations will follow their example.

## *Alumni.*

THE Alumni department of the Journal has been organized following the plan adopted by the American Universities. Its aim is to keep track of the graduates and alumni who have left their Alma Mater and to record their various successes in their different spheres of life. Even to one who has no present connection with Queen's the Journal should be of interest through its

Alumni department. But this column is not to be a mere chronicle but it is intended to show that the University still takes an interest in her sons and derives a share of credit from their deeds. Like the Alumni Associations, it tries to keep alive the interest of the graduates in their college for it is to them that Queen's looks for support and furthering of her interests. Is it not important, then, that the Alumni department should be well supplied with information? Next year we will have a most capable editor in Mr. A. D. Cornett, and the co-operation of everyone is requested to make this column a success.

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We have the pleasure to record the appointment of Mr. J. B. McKechnie, M.A., A.I.A., as Assistant Actuary of the Manufacturers' Life Insurance Company. Mr. McKechnie is an honor graduate in Mathematics of Queen's University, and took a high stand in the examination which entitled him to his degree of Associate of the Institute of Actuaries. He is also an Associate of the Actuarial Society of America. Mr. McKechnie is well known to the Insurance world owing to his having been Secretary of the Insurance Institute in Toronto for the years 1905-6.

From the Stratford Beacon we take the following: "Lindsay Malcolm, M.A., Stratford's new city engineer, is a Stratford boy, a son of George Malcolm, of this city, and an honor graduate of Queen's University. He is now taking a special course at the School of Practical Science connected with Queen's University, and expects to get the degree of B.Sc. in April. He is a gold medallist mathematician of Queen's, winner of three scholarships, and one of the University's brightest graduates. A Stratford boy who received his early training in the public schools and collegiate institute here, he will be welcomed back to the city. His duties proper commence on April 1st, but he will spend a couple of weeks in the department, in company with Mr. Parsons, before that official leaves for the west."

Says the Regina Standard of March 1st, 1907: "On Thursday night the Provincial Queen's Alumni Association held their regular monthly meeting at the home of Wm. Fenwick, M.A., president. After a lengthy discussion of affairs relating to the interests of their Alma Mater, the alumni made preliminary arrangements for a visit to be paid them by a member of the faculty. The latter will deliver a public lecture and be tendered a banquet by the Saskatchewan Association. Fuller announcements as to date, etc., will be made in due course."

Rev. J. G. Dunlop, M.A., at present in New York, sails from that city towards the end of next month for Rome to attend the International Sunday School Convention. He is a delegate from the Japanese Sunday School Association. En route he touches at the Azores, Gibraltar, Algiers and Naples, at which place he has engagements to address meetings.

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In the first number of the Journal for this session we had to record the death of Mr. Alexander Muir, B.A., one of our earliest graduates and the famous author of the "Maple Leaf." The following lines to his memory appear in the Canadian Magazine:

AT THE GRAVE OF MUIR.

Plant here a maple that may wave  
In beauty o'er the poet's grave,  
Perchance its root may pierce his mold  
And turn its leaves to richer gold  
And deeper crimson. So their flame  
Shall blazen forth his modest fame  
To distant years, and in their fall,  
Spreading anew his funeral pall,  
Shall speak for him a nation's grief,  
Sweet Laureate of the Maple Leaf.

Mr. F. J. Pöpe, M.A., '91, and a graduate of the School of Mines, has gone to Chili to examine a mine for the Gugenheim interests.

Rev. A. Bright, B.A., '03, assistant pastor of St. Paul's and Knox churches, Peterboro, has received an unanimous call to accept the pastorate of St. Paul's Presbyterian church in Ingersoll. It is understood that he has accepted.

The recently organized Nova Scotia Society of Engineers has on its executive Captain Bogart, Royal Canadian Engineers, a former lecturer in Surveying and General Engineering at the School of Mining.

## *Athletics.*

ON March 9th the Athletic Committee presented their annual report to the A. M. S. Their budget this year amounted to \$35,526.57, owing to the erection of the Gymnasium. The report shows the Athletic affairs to be in a very satisfactory and prosperous condition. The assets total \$48,350, against which are liabilities of \$21,800. This leaves a balance of net assets of \$26,550, which have been accumulated within the past six years—as the report presented six years ago showed liabilities as great as the assets. But although the net assets show the Athletic funds to be in a very solvent condition indeed, yet the amount of the liabilities ought to provide matter for serious reflection. The interest charge on the debt will amount next year to over \$800, or to about one-third of the Athletic fees. This means that the incoming Athletic Committee will have to do some very careful financing if the Clubs and the Gymnasium are to be run on the balance available. Given fair weather and good excursions next fall this can probably be done. But if either of these should fail a deficit on ordinary expenditure may have to be faced next spring. If, however, the coming year can be passed in safety the worst will probably be over, as between two and three thousand dollars of subscriptions fall due in October and if these are paid up promptly they will reduce the debt sufficiently to make an appreciable difference in the interest charge. The situation for the coming year, however, is a critical one and the Journal bespeaks for the Athletic Committee the hearty support and co-operation of the whole student body in solving this rather difficult problem.

The first boxing and wrestling tournament in the history of Queen's took place in our new gymnasium on Saturday, March 23rd. On the previous Wednesday all the preliminary bouts were worked off, so that only the very best had to be decided. First came the boxing, next some exhibition fencing and jiu-jitsu, and lastly the wrestling. All the events were interesting, though the boxing was of a higher order than the wrestling.

In the boxing three rounds of three minutes each were fought, the decision being given for points. The final contest for the lightweight championship was between Meikle and Doncaster, the former winning. It was in this bout that the cleverest boxing of the day was displayed; from start to finish the fight was hard. At one point Doncaster took the count for nine seconds but came round in time. Meikle, however, had the best of it all through. The final for the heavyweight was between Akins and Marshall, Akins winning. This contest was good and what hitting there was was hard: but neither man seemed willing to mix it up as much as the lightweights had done.

In between the various bouts Physical Director Palmer and Malloch, Foster and Saint gave an exhibition of fencing and jiu-jitsu. This was the first jiu-jitsu seen in Kingston and was very interesting, though rather tough on Foster. Mr. Palmer is an expert.

The lightweight wrestling was a fizzle. Foster and Curtin met. At first it was intended that they should wrestle for a fall; but after fifteen minutes' work they both became so winded that neither could do anything at all. Ten minutes passed with Curtin pushing Foster round the mat and as neither seemed likely to throw the other, while Curtin was doing most of the work, the decision was given to him.

The heavyweight wrestling proved the best event of the afternoon. Akins met Macdonald. The two men are so nearly matched that it would be impossible for one to throw the other inside two hours: but they tried to do it in six minutes. Five rounds took place, each six minutes, with three minute rests. For the first four rounds no superiority could be seen in either man. Both went right to work and there was no pawing each other as in the lightweight. In the fifth round, however, Akins was becoming winded and Macdonald, securing a hold, threw him over his head onto the mat twice, though not putting him upon his back. On account of doing the most work Macdonald was given a slight preference, whereupon Akins let the decision go to him.

After all was over, the prizes, silver medals, were presented to the winners by Principal Gordon.

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#### HOCKEY.

The inter-year hockey championship goes this year to '08. A series of three games was played, '09 vs. '10, '07 vs. '08, and '08 vs. '09, '08 winning both its games. As only ticket-holders who had never played on the senior team were eligible, considerable new material was brought out; though it was owing to this very rule that '08 and '09 were so strong. Nearly all the regular second and third team men belong to either '08 or '09, so that victory for one of them was a foregone conclusion.

The first match between '09 and '10 was a walk-over for '09. From start to finish the tenners were not in it and the final result was 14-4. Perhaps, however, the tenners will pick up next year. They say they have all sorts of wonderful material which only needs working up.

The second match, '07 vs. '08, was not quite so bad; '07 put up a very good fight and at some stages the game got quite interesting. '08 had considerably the better aggregation, however, and won out by 8-2.

The final meeting of '08 and '09 promised to be a good exhibition. Both years have very good teams and the match was closely contested throughout. So far as stick-handling was concerned, the teams were practically equal. But '08 were in much better condition and towards the last had everything their own way. '09 forwards did not seem to be able to connect either with each other or the nets and consequently Lockett and Gaskin had plenty to do. "Skipper" got ruled off quite frequently, to say the least; but he seemed to think that it was worth while: he did good work, he said. In spite, however, of '09's stalwart defence, '08 managed to slip in 6 goals, much to the disgust of the '09 contingent, who had gone in a body to the rink, expecting to cheer their heroes on to victory. On the other hand, whenever the '09 forwards did crawl up the rink, Sweezey at cover whisked the puck back with a lightning rush; or if the rubber got past him Ralph Hughes gracefully assisted it toward the '09 nets; if by good luck it even passed him, too, Bennett took good care of it. Altogether '09 only scored 3. Result—6-3, with '08 champions. The teams lined up:

'08—Bennett, Hughes, Sweezey, Roberts, Dunlop, Gravelle, Craig.

'09—Campbell, Gaskin, Lockett, Williams, George, Madden, George.

College sport is over now, and with the exams. upon us life looks serious. But the Varsity Sporting Editor has livened things up in that facetious way of his. We quote from the "Varsity" of March 14th:

"In the 'Queen's University Journal' of February 1st, the Sporting Editor gave utterance to the opinion that 'Hockey was no good this year, anyway.' But Pelion has been piled on Ossa. In their issue of March 1st, we find the following":—Here comes our description of the Queen's-Varsity match in Toronto. "We have made many efforts to give an adequate criticism of this masterpiece, but all have failed. We have tried to criticize it from the standpoint of fair sport, of good taste, of plain veracity, of common decency, even from that of English composition. But every attempt has been so futile, so far from doing justice to this monument of provincialism, that we must let it stand for itself, rivalled in the field of imaginative literature by Peruna advertisements alone. Read again these bold, bombastic sentences and know what it is to have the 'Queen's spirit.'"

What, pray, gave the Varsity Sporting Editor such a pain? We imagine that it was not so much our report as the match itself. Just think of the poor fellow racking his brains for some explanation of Varsity's defeat: finding none, he dives into Homer for inspiration and decides that "Pelion has been piled on Ossa," referring no doubt to Campbell's piling another goal upon Pen-nock's first into the Varsity net. We are sorry that we cannot write in that



peculiarly naive style. We regret, too, that we do not live "in town," where we might acquire the veracity of the writer who in December told us that it was "hard luck" that Varsity did not win three football championships. (The score, by the way, in the Varsity II.-Cadet game here was 36-3). As for "Queen's spirit," the Sporting Editor evidently thinks that "Queen's spirit" and ideals are slightly different from Varsity's. Perhaps they are. One of our ideas is that it is quite "fair sport" to wallop a championship team on its own ice, though, of course, we admit that doing so crosses the bounds of "common decency."

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## Exchanges.

THE March number of the *Electric Journal* contains an excellent article by Professor Karapetoff, of Cornell University, on "The Human Side of the Engineering Profession." The article presents in a clear-cut, systematic way, a scheme of ordering one's life which, if followed, will build up character, widen the view of one's work, and lead to personal satisfaction—which is happiness. The fundamental thought is that "professional usefulness and personal satisfaction depend upon the right conception of life, and on the degree in which this conception of life is manifest in daily activity."

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About a year ago the Chancellor of Nebraska State University issued an order prohibiting smoking on the campus. He now declares that all students hereafter found guilty of chewing tobacco will be expelled from the University.—*Tech*.

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We are pleased to notice that Cornell University has abandoned the professional coach system in football, and adopted the graduate coach plan.

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The following beautiful paragraph on "What to do Without" appeared in the March number of *The Westminster*: "The more a man can do without, the fewer his necessities are; the stronger and more admirably developed his character, provided always that he has learned the secret of doing without what is really non-essential, and that he has entered into his secret by the right pathway. For it is sadly possible to learn this art in a wrong way, and thus to impoverish instead of enriching our lives."

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The *Stratford Daily Herald* of January 19th publishes a letter from our old friend, W. A. Kennedy, giving an excellent account of "life and things to be seen in the East." The letter is dated from Baghdjedjik, Nicomedia, Turkey-in-Asia, December 25th, 1906. The Herald informs us that Mr. Kennedy will return in 1908 to complete his Divinity course at Queen's.

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We thankfully acknowledge the following exchanges: *The Sibyl*, from Elmira Ladies' College, Elmira, N.Y.; *Pax Collegii*, from Ontario Ladies' Col-

lege, Whitby; *Fordham Monthly*; *The Student*; *The Notre Dame Scholastic*; *University of Ottawa Review*; *The Hya Yaka*; *McMaster University Monthly*; *The Electric Journal*; *The Tech*; *Glasgow University Magazine*; *The Victorian*; *T. C. D.*; *The News-Letter*; *The Dalhousie Gazette*; *St. Mary's Collegian*; *The Dial*; *The Courant*; *Alfred University Monthly*; *Ohio State Lantern*; *The Pharos*; *Niagara Index*.

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Boarding House Logic.—It has been said, "Union is strength." Then let us put the butter in the tea. Why should the strong not help the weak?—*Ex.*

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Extracts from The Rubaiyat of a Persian Kitten:

"Up from the basement to the Seventh Flat  
I rose, and on the Crown of Fashion sat,  
And many a ball unraveled by the way—  
But not the Master's angry Bawl of 'Scat!'"

Then to the Well of Wisdom I, and lo!  
With my own paw I wrought to make it flow,  
And this was all the Harvest that I reaped:  
We come like Kittens and like Cats we go.

Why be this Ink the Fount of Wit? Who dare  
Blaspheme the glistening Pen-drink as a snare?  
A Blessing? I should *spread* it, should I not?  
And if a Curse—why, then, upset it!—there!

Myself when young did eagerly frequent  
The Backyard Fence and heard great argument  
About it, and About, yet evermore  
Came out with fewer fur than in I went.

And fear not lest Existence shut the Door  
On You and Me, to open it no more;  
The Cream of Life from out your Bowl shall pour  
Nine times—ere it lie broken on the Floor.—*Ex.*

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## Book Review.

THE CANADIAN MINING JOURNAL.

THIS new fortnightly publication made its initial appearance March 15th. With it is incorporated the *Canadian Mining Review*, which for several years has been the leading mining journal of Canada. The first issue presents a very attractive front cover—a sample of cobalt nickel silver ore being reproduced by the three-color process. This, we understand, will be a feature of the journal—the object being to advertise the mineral resources of Canada. No better plan could have been devised to fulfil this laudable purpose:

The journal has a strong editorial and business staff, and a large number of eminent special contributors. Queen's University is well represented with J. C. Murray, B.A., B.Sc., as one of the editors, J. J. Harpell, B.A., business manager, and six professors of the School of Mining among the special contributors. The *Canadian Mining Journal* shows every earmark of being a reliable and responsible periodical, appealing as it does to the whole fraternity of men who have at heart the best interests of the mining, metallurgical and allied industries of Canada.—*W. R. R.*

## Jocoseria.



The week, so far, has again been marked by a number of entertainments characterized as "such a little tea that you won't put it in the paper, will you?" And being asked very nicely, compliance was the only thing possible.—*Social Item.*

Weally, now! Fudge, doncherknow!

Viscount Tredegar suggests that the suffragettes marry the passive sisters. From their name, we should judge the latter to be admirably calculated to become model husbands.

Mr. Sk-l-t-n (in Economics Class)—Are good looks wealth, Mr. Ur-e?

Ur-e—Yes, sir.

Mr. Sk-l-t-n—Why?

Ur-e—Because they satisfy a want.

Prof. Shortt is discussing Canada's imports from Bombay when a Science man was pushed violently through the door. Prof. Shortt, after Science man had made a hasty exit: "Let us now go on with our *other* imports from Bombay."